

LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

VOLUME I.

LOWER SANDUSKY, MARCH 31, 1849.

NUMBER 6.

The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

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Recorder—Benjamin F. Fletcher, do.
Prosecuting Attorney—J. L. Greene, do.
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Associate Judges: Hon. A. McIntire, Townsend,
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JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Sandusky Tp.: John Bell, office over Eddy's store,
John L. Greene, Office Court House,
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Riley: Levi F. Tuttle and Wm. H. Reynolds.

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Recorder—Francis C. Bell.

Treasurer—C. J. Orton.

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Times of holding Courts in the 13th Circuit, 1849.

Sandusky—March 20, June 8, October 15th.

York—March 19, May 21, October 1st.

Ilwaco—March 12, June 4, September 18.

Wood—April 2, October 23.

Ottawa—May 1, September 10.

Lueda—April 6, June 25, Oct. 26.

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TENDERS his professional services to the citizens

of Lower Sandusky and vicinity. From several

years experience, he flatters himself that he has become

thoroughly acquainted with the diseases incident to this

climate, and hopes to merit a portion of public patronage.

He resides in the house owned, and lately occupied by

Wm. W. Angier, and keeps an office in the brick building

opposite David Deal's at one of which places he will be

found at all reasonable hours, unless absent on professional

business.

April 29th, 1849.

Woolen Goods have fell! and some

casimires and satinettes, at the Farmer's Cheap store.

C. J. PETTIBONE.

Poetry.

THE LIFE CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapp'd in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the live long night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor deck'd with gems,
By pride and wealth possess'd;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavel's step, with a gentle beat,
It warms of passing tides.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
'Till that strange life is ended.

Miscellaneous.

Time and Eternity.

Time and eternity! What a crowd of thoughts
and feelings of doubts and fears rush over the
human soul at these two words; so awful in their
import, and so sublime in their very sound, fall up-
on the ear. What a volume of intense thought
imparts itself as it were, upon the mind, when it is
associated with the succession of countless ages
that marks the progress of time, or when it en-
deavors to penetrate the dark shadows that hang like
walls of adamant before the mysterious passage
that leads to eternity; and through which every
creature must pass before reaching the glorious
realm of immortality.

With what ease the imagination stretches back
over the thousands of years that have elapsed since
the creation—with what ease it can grasp millions
yet to be measured by revolving planets; from the
mighty source of time!—eternity! But when it
endeavors to form a conception of that which has
neither beginning nor end—when it seeks to com-
prehend one eternal immeasurable duration, cycle
or limit; its weakness and inequality to the task with-
out shows clearly that God has sever'd time from eter-
nity and given it to man, and that he can never
pry into the secrets of the eternal world, until the
Almighty shall reveal them to him. When that
time shall come! When the vigorous and unfet-
tered spirit shall flutter over the threshold of time
—through the portals of eternity, and then soar
away to the everlasting from whence it came.—
when that time shall come, he may feel himself
an immortal being, endowed with god-like faculties
—and look down upon the shining bodies describ-
ing their domestic circles, with the sensations of
one who appreciates their grandeur, and reveres
the power that produces their sublime evolutions.
If we look back to the dark wrecks of immor-
tality that he in the pathway of Time, where shall
we find an object uninjured by his destroying
touch.

The brightest names enrolled on the page of
history—how are they dimmed by the lapse of cen-
turies! Let the "mind's eye" glance back into the
darkness of the past and rest upon some of the
"mighty ones of the earth" who have successively
shaken the world with the gigantic power of their
intellect, and are now sleeping in their silent graves
—unconscious of the voice of fame that sweeps in
dying numbers above them and is fast sinking to
silence amid the mighty cycles of Time—An Alex-
ander! a Hannibal! a Napoleon! a Washington!
The mightiest effort of the most fertile imagina-
tion cannot recall their great deeds and invest
them with even a seeming reality. Their names
are fast disappearing in the interminable gulf of
oblivion—the bright glory of their superhuman
exertions will soon be extinguished in the eternal
darkness of the tomb of buried years. It may be
thought that this can scarcely be said of our noble
Washington; but the brightest things of earth
are doomed to be forgotten in the succession of
ages. When a thousand years shall have rolled
away all their varied scenes of crime, blood and
horror sweeping countless myriads of human be-
ings into their graves, raising up innumerable as-
pirants to fame, will he be remembered as the
great founder of this vast Republic? True, his
name may be remembered, but it will be cold
and glittering like those of the heroes of ancient
days.

The existence of Time cannot be said to have
commenced at the creation of this world nor is it
certain that both will cease to be at the same time.
But a period will arrive when both shall be de-
stroyed; when the earth with its mountains, seas,
rivers, forests and plains, shall give place to one
vast empty void—when the sun shall no longer
dart his bright rays through the realms of illumi-
nable space—but the radiance of Heaven shall illu-
minate its remotest regions; and Time shall be rolled
into eternity.

ODD FELLOWS AND CATHOLICS.—It will be re-
membered that some time since, the Catholic Bish-
ops, or some other authority of the church, issued
letters against secret societies of all kinds; and the
clergy prohibited from encouraging them in any
way. Yesterday at the funeral of Mr. Ray Marsh,
several lodges of Odd Fellows, with their usual
badges, followed his body into St. Patrick's Church.
Father O'Reilly, however, before proceeding with
the funeral services, gave notice that the rules of
the church forbade the tolerance of such badges,
and unless they were removed, the ceremony could
not proceed. Whereupon the Odd Fellows left in
a body, followed by several of the citizens who sym-
pathized with them, and repaired to their lodge
rooms.

[Rich. Democrat, Friday.]

From the Cincinnati Nonpareil.

The Guerrilla Foray.

An incident of the Mexican War.

The noonday sun was sending down his burn-
ing rays, as a party of thirty men rode out of the
"Garrita de Balen," and galloped rapidly along
the causeway leading to the little village of San
Angel. They were dressed in the uniform of
mounted riflemen, and were mounted on full-
blooded American horses. They were evidently
upon "pass," as no officer was with them, and
bound upon some jolly excursion into the country.
They had reached the cross-road leading from the
town of Tacubaya to Penyan, when a single horse-
man was observed advancing rapidly towards them
from the Penyan side, his form upraised in his stir-
rups, and the whole demeanor betokening extreme
haste.

"I say Abe, that fellow is making for us, some-
thing has happened, and he wants our assist-
ance," said one of the party, tapping a young
man of some twenty-three upon the shoulder.—
"What say you?"

The person addressed as Abe, took a long look
at the horseman, and then replied—
"If that isn't old Ricardo, I am very much mis-
taken."

"What, the old Spaniard who owns the large
hacienda near S. Antonio, and who has such a
pretty daughter!" asked the other.

"The same; but we, the old man beckons us to
meet him—lets go. And putting spurs to his
horse, he bounded swiftly forward to meet him.
"Let's after him boys, and if there's any fun on
hand, we'll have a share in it," shouted the other;
and the whole party dashed on after him. In a
few moments they were along side the old man, and
having reined in their steeds, Abbott said:

"What's the matter, Ricardo? Is there any-
thing wrong?"

"Senor Americanos! my child—my daughter!"
replied the old man, in tones of anguish.

"What of her! Speak—tell me!" exclaimed
Abbott, with starting energy, and his eyes flashed
as he grasped the Spaniard's arm.

"Ventell, the guerrilla!" gasped the old man, in
reply.

"He has not dared," began the fiery youth, but
he was cut short by the old man, who said:
"He has robbed my house, and has carried off
my daughter. Oh! if you are men, fly to her rescue!"

"When was it done?" exclaimed half a dozen
voices, and all eyes were eagerly bent upon Ricar-
do, as he replied:

"Not two hours since—they can be easily over-
taken."

"How many were they?" demanded Abbott.

"One hundred in number!" and the Spaniard
glazed with a despairing look on the little party be-
fore him.

"Boys," said Abbott, in a firm tone, "who of
you will go with me? For myself, I will rescue
her or die in the attempt!"

"I—I" was the response of every member of
the little band, as they caught the daring spirit of
Abbott.

"Then lead on, old man, and ere the setting
of the sun, your child shall be restored to your
arms."

The Spaniard needed no second bidding, but
wheeling his sporting charger, he buried the spurs
in his flanks, and the gallant steed bore him swiftly
onward. Over the cross-roads leading to San An-
tonio they flew, on their errand of mercy. Down
the great causeway of San Antonio, and over the
fatal bridge of Churubusco they went, and the
spirits of San Augustine glittered in the distance—
but no foe was to be seen. The old man rode be-
fore, his gray locks streaming in the wind, and his
dark eyes fixed with an eagle glance before him,
scanning the wide plain and the rock-bound sides of
Contreras. Suddenly raising his long bony arm,
he pointed far on before him to where the road as-
cended the mountain height of Cholocineo, and
shouted—

"There they are. Forward! forward!"

A suppressed yell burst from twenty lips, and as
many hands sought their sabre hilts, and loosened
the shiny blades in their scabbars, while a stern re-
solved rest upon the flushed and heated brow of
each. Across the outskirts of San Augustine, and
down by the placid Lake of Chooloo they sped,
and the next moment they are mounting the rug-
ged heights of Cholocineo. On the top they pause,
and down in the vale beyond, not over half a
mile off, they discover the robbers riding slowly
along, unconscious of pursuit.

"Fall back, Ricardo, and leave the work to us,"
said Abbott, addressing the Spaniard.

"Never! never!" burst from the pallid lips of the
father.

"But you are unused to scenes of strife; you
might fall, and then what would become of your
daughter?"

"No more," said the old man. "If a parent
strikes not for his child, who will?"

The enemy now discovered the approach of the
little party, and began to hasten their speed; but
as the large horses of the Americans rapidly out-
stripped the mustang, it became evident that a few
minutes must end the race. Finding escape im-
possible, the guerrillas wheeled about and hastily
forming in a line, came thundering on to meet them.

"Now boys, let them have a good volley from
the rifles, and then throw them down, and trust to
the sabre and pistol for the victory. Forward! and
God defend the right."

A deafening yell burst from the little band as
Abbott concluded, and unslinging their rifles, they
poured in a murderous fire as they closed with
their enemy, which brought many a stalwart foe
to the earth, and drawing the glittering blade,
fought for victory or death. Terrible indeed, was
that bloody encounter, but it was not of long dura-
tion. A dozen of the guerrillas sank before the
first fire, and as they closed in a hand-to-hand
struggle, the tall steeds of the Americans trampled
down the lighter ones of the foe, and the deadly
revolver told with powerful effects upon the cowardly
robbers. One after another they fled from the
field, and ere half an hour passed, the remnant
of the small band remained its masters. Ten had
fallen in the strife, and lay commingled with the
bones of forty bandits upon the gray sod. But
where was Ricardo? Kneeling beside you rock,
with his pale and haggard face upturned to heav-
en, with the blood oozing from a deep wound in
his breast, he is bending over the lifeless form of
his daughter. From a bullet-hole in her snow-
white forehead the tide of life has ebbed away,

and her lovely locks are dabbled in her own life's
blood, now mingle with that of her father's. Stand-
ing beside him, with his foot resting upon the body
of Ventell, the guerrilla chief, is Abbott. His
haggard brow is furrowed with lines of heartfelt
anguish, and his manly heart is beating with sym-
pathy for the bereaved parent.

Around them, but at a respectful distance, stand
gathered the survivors of that fatal conflict, and the
stalwart band brushed the tear of sympathy
from the eye, and they turned, to hide the emotions
of swelling hearts. The old man motioned Abbott
to draw near. In an instant the youth was at
his side, and dropping upon one knee, he sup-
ported the sinking remains of old Ricardo in his
arms.

"See that we are buried," whispered the Span-
iard to the youth, "and may God reward you for
your endeavors in my behalf. My child, I come!"
and, fixing his eyes upon the cloudless sky, he sank
slowly back and expired.

They dug a rude grave beside the murmuring
waters of Lake Othello, and buried the father and
daughter side by side, and the rippling of the gen-
tle waters sung a requiem to the memory of the
departed. They fell beneath the iron hand of the
demon of strife, and perished by violence before
the sword of the foe. Goodness and love were
forgotten in the relentless passions of the mind,
racked and tossed by the vicissitudes of war, and
innocence and beauty were sacrificed upon the
blood stained ear of dissension.

He will Forgive you Father.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate, in front of
his miserable dwelling. His tattered hat was in
his hand, and the cool breeze lifted his matted locks
which covered his once noble brow. His counte-
nance was bloated and disfigured, but in his eye
there was an unworldly look—a mingled expres-
sion of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listen-
ing to the low, melancholy voice of his patient wife,
as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or per-
chance, he was gazing upon the sweet face of his
eldest daughter, as at the open window she plied
her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor
children a scanty sustenance. Poor Mary! for her-
self she cared not; young as she was, her spirit
was already crushed by poverty, unkindness and
neglect. As the inebriate thus stood, his eyes
wandered over the miserable habitation before him.
The windows were broken, and the doors hingeless,
and scarce a vestige of comfort remained; yet
memory bore him back to the days of his youth,
when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In
fancy he saw again the old arm chair, where sat
his father, with the bible upon his knee, and he
seemed to hear again the sweet notes of his moth-
er, as she laid her hand upon the head of her dar-
ling boy and prayed that God would bless him and
preserve him from evil. Long years had passed
away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard
at the recollection of his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is well thou art
sleeping in the grave; it would break thy heart to
know that thy son is a wretched and degraded be-
ing—a miserable outcast from society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within an ad-
joining forest, was a dell where the beams of the
sun scarce ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on
either side, whose branches, meeting above, formed
a canopy of leaves, where the birds built their
nests, and poured forth happy songs. Thither the
drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite
haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw
himself upon the soft green sward, the recollections
of past scenes came crowding over his mind. He
covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of
the prodigal burst from his lips—"O God forgive a
returning wanderer." Suddenly a soft arm was
thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmur-
ed—"He will forgive you, father." Starting to his
feet, the inebriate saw standing before him his
youngest daughter, a child of six years.

"Why are you here, Anne?" he said, ashamed
that the innocent child should have witnessed his
grief.

"I came to gather the lilies which grow upon
the banks," she replied, "see, I have got my basket
full, and now I'm going to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?" asked
the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket where,
among the broad green leaves, the sweet lilies of
the valleys were peeping forth.

The child hesitated, she thought she had said too
much; perhaps her father would demand the
money, and spend it in the way in which all his
earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me Anne," said her father
kindly. "Well, I do not blame you, I have no right
to my children's confidence."

The gentleness of his tone touched the heart of
the affectionate child. She threw her arms around
his neck, exclaiming—"Yes, father, I will tell you.
Mother buys medicines for poor little Willie. We
have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary
work all the time they can get to buy bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart. "I
have robbed them of the comforts of life," he ex-
claimed, "from this moment, the liquid fire passes
my lips no more."

Anne stood gazing at him in astonishment. She
could scarcely comprehend her father's words; but
she saw that some change had taken place. She
threw back her golden ringlets, and raised her large
blue eyes, with an earnest look, to his face. "Will
you never drink any more rum?" she whispered
timidly.

"Never! Anne," her father replied, solemnly.
Joy danced in her eyes. Then we will all be so
happy," she cried, "and mother won't weep any
more. Oh father! what a happy home ours will
be."

Years passed away. The words of little Anne,
the drunkard's daughter, had proved true. The
home of the reformed man, her father, was indeed
a happy one. Plenty crowned his board, and health
and joy beamed from the faces of his wife and
children—where once squalid misery alone could
be traced. The pledge had raised him from his
degradation, and restored him once more to peace
and happiness.

TRUTH.—Who knows that Truth is strong, next
to the Almighty, needs no policies, no stratagems,
no licensing to make her victorious! Though all
the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon
the earth, so Truth be in the field, we injure her
to misdo her strength! Let Truth and False-
hood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the
worst, in a free and open encounter? Milton.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

REMEMBRANCES.

BY E. J. KAMES.

I have been looking over the lines long written—
Those tender lines, traced many years ago,
When hopes unwasted, promises unsmitten,
Were the bright portion of my spring-time glow.
My sunken eye grows tearful as it wanders
Over the scroll, all staid, and time-worn now:
My heart grows weak, as mournfully it ponders
On the dear memories of long ago!

I have been bending o'er the violet-flowers
Still linked, O Love! with gentler thoughts of you;
My heart recalls your eye's delicious hours
When with its leaves of softest, dreamy blue,
You linked a myrtle rose and bade me treasure
The fragrant token for the giver's sake!
The rose is dead! the violet's deep azure
Has faded, ne'er a livelier hue to take.

Long withered! yet such perfume round them lingers
As wakes a thousand dreams of girlhood gone!
Trembling the wreath hangs in my clasping fingers—
I feel thy dark eye answering my own!
Tones of a voice long hushed again are stealing
In haunting whispers to my raptur'd ear:
The lingering walk—the rose crowned arch revealing
My youth's remembered home—Oh! all things dear

Through all the vanished past my thoughts are roving:
The changeless years that over me have flown
Since then, and I, the hopeful and the loving,
Talked of the future we our own, our own,
Peace, memory, peace! dim scrolls, and faded flowers,
Back to your place; no more fond dreams recall!
Vain are such visions in this world of ours,
Youth, love, hope, fear—I have outlived them all.

A Gem of Poetry.

We have seldom seen so much expressed in so